

# CANDY

I.C.C.  
8

AUGUST  
No. 5

10¢

GEE, CANDY,  
I SURE GET A  
**BIG BANG**  
OUT OF DRIVING  
IN THE COUNTRY!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**IT SHOTS ALL THREE—regular B's, metal PELLETS or STEEL DARTS.** It has a great variety of uses from ordinary target work to hitting objects. The darts can be used over and over again. Summer or winter, spring or fall—this gun will be YOUR EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION. Plenty of fun with this pistol!

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Use fast, single action compression chamber. Single shot. Easy loading and cocking—a pull of the plunger and it's ready to shoot. No pumping—just one action. Plenty of compression from a heavy steel chamber and strong spring. Modeled after famous target pistol. Hardened, milled grip. Sturdy die-cast metal construction with machined steel operating parts for maximum accuracy. **FULL SIZE GUN—OVER 8 INCHES LONG BY 4 1/2 INCHES DEEP, WEIGHS 15 OUNCES.** Order plenty of ammunition to keep you well supplied. Bore, .38 S&W.

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Massive, good  
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ring. Silver color.  
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...g. deep. **\$3.95**  
Each Gun...  
...e. Each bug contains 5 rolls...  
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...  
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ER, the buster, or tighter, is a screw-driven clockwork mechanism that is wound up. Whenever it is touched, the mechanism is released, giving the victim a shock. Every time you shake hands your friend will get a violent shock, touch them on the back, and watch them jump. They will "hit the ceiling." It lives all on it. Under a sheet it feels like

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**CHAMELEON**  
**TO KEEP**  
ures. Watch it change  
pel of your coat as a  
ales while in the air!

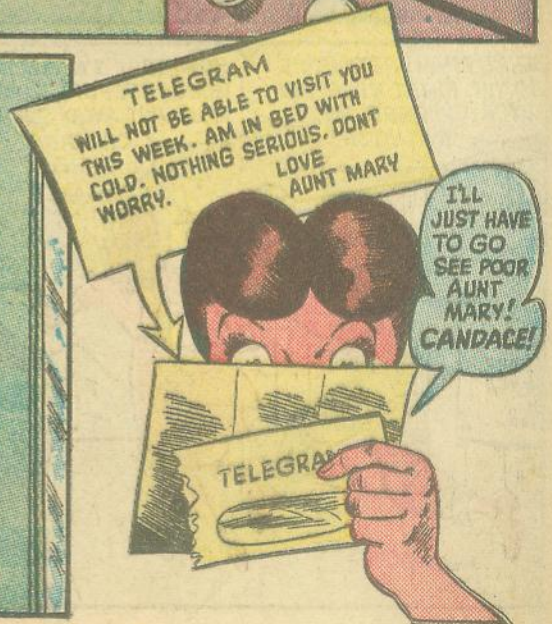
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No C.O.D.'s at These Cash Prices

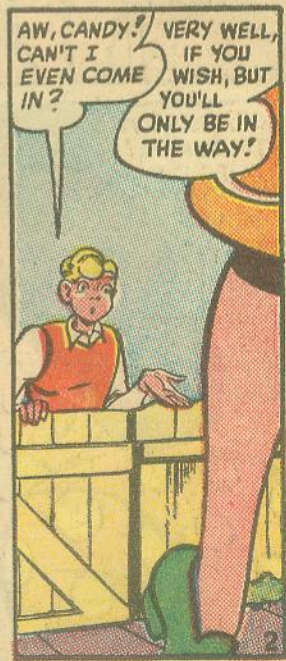
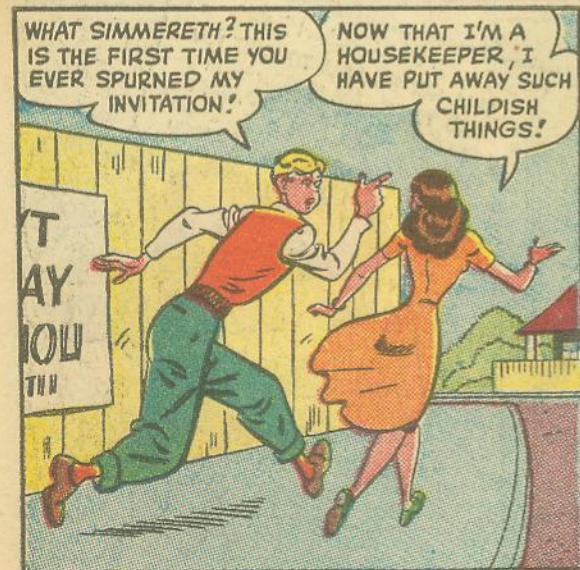
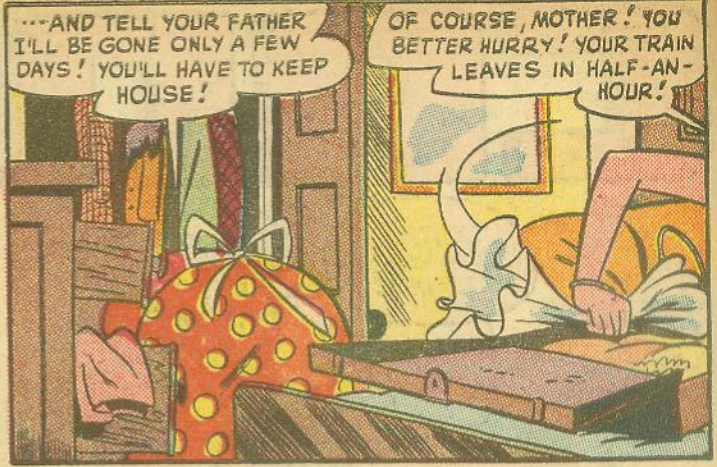
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CANDY, August, 1948, No. 5. Published bi-monthly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Office: 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. Everett M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brønner, Editor. Entered as second class matter June 24, 1947, at Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Copyright 1948 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

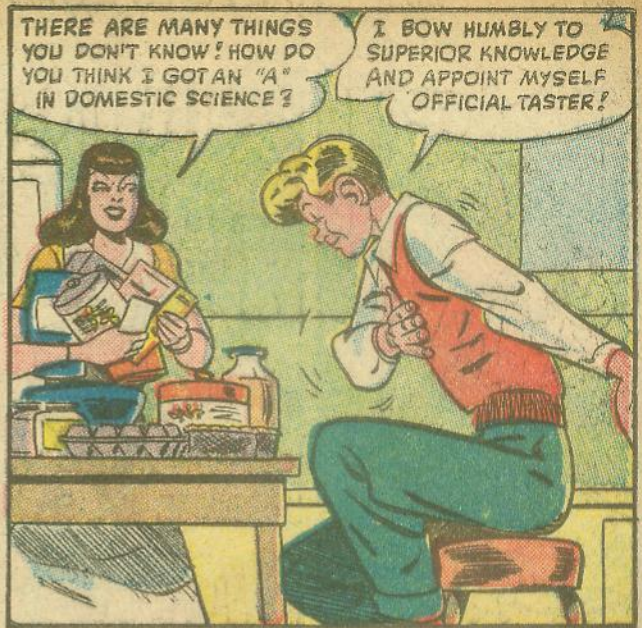




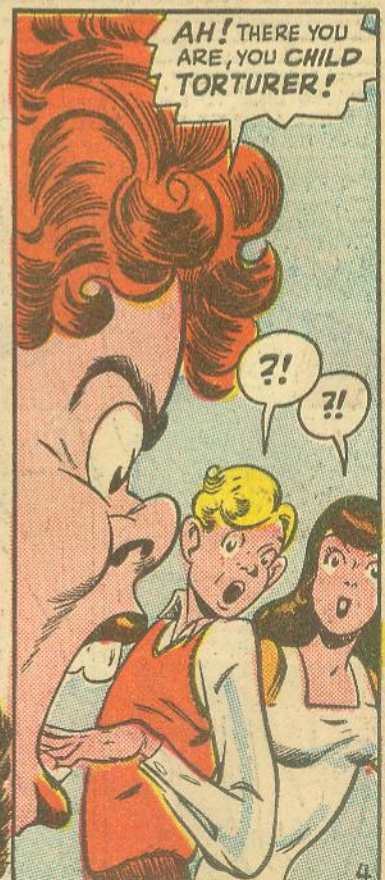
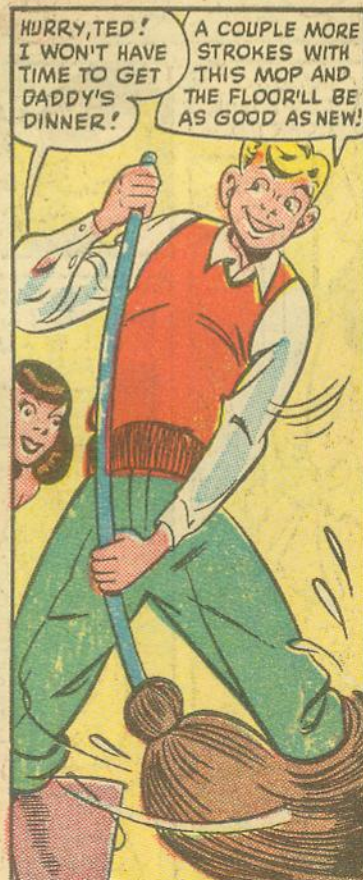
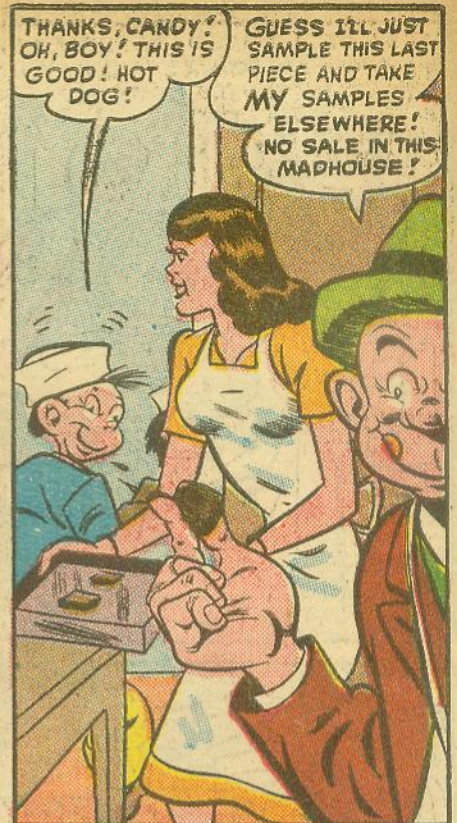




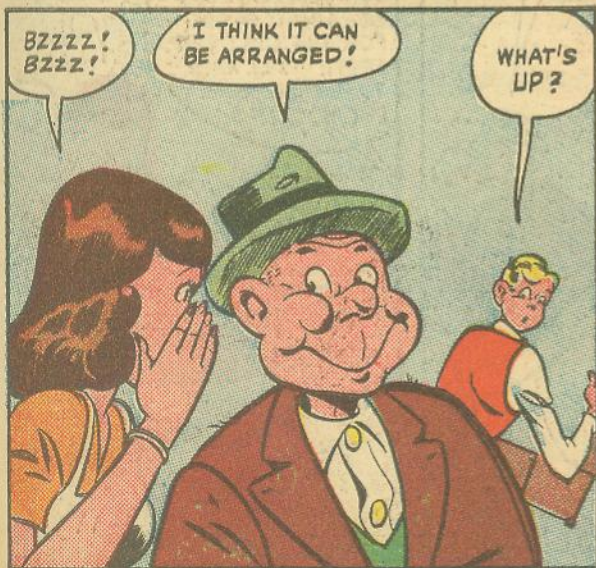
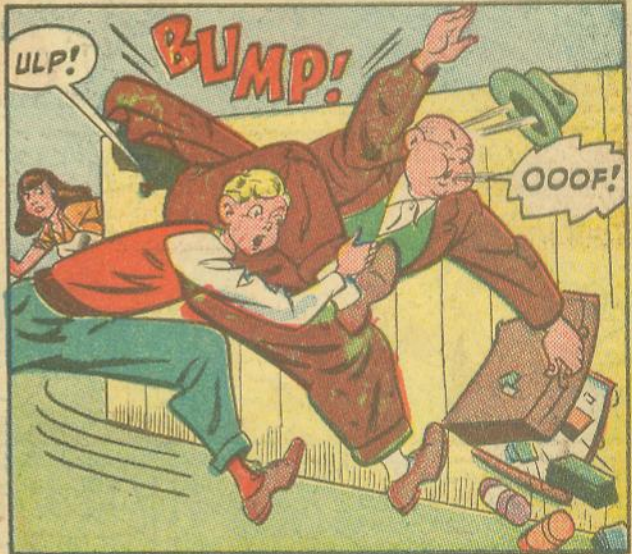








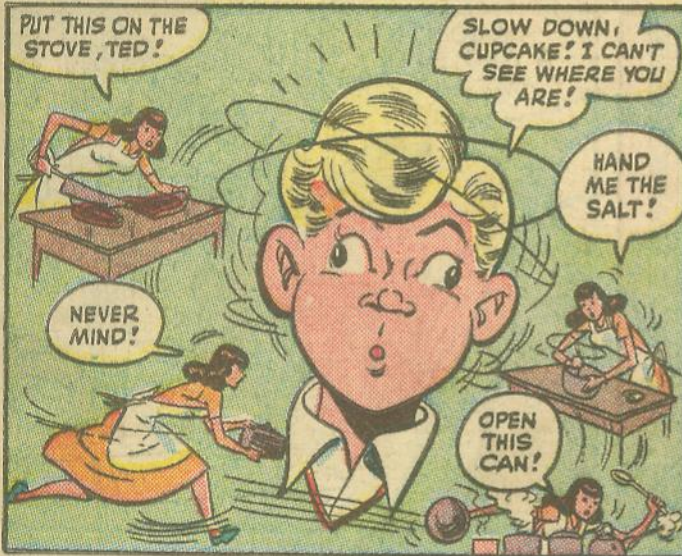






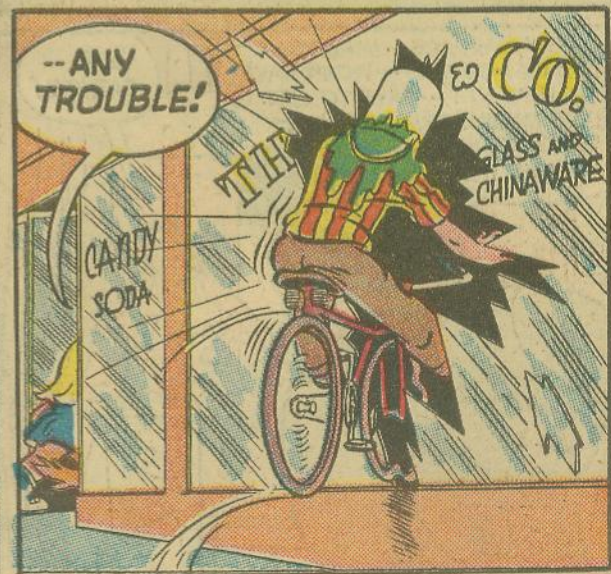
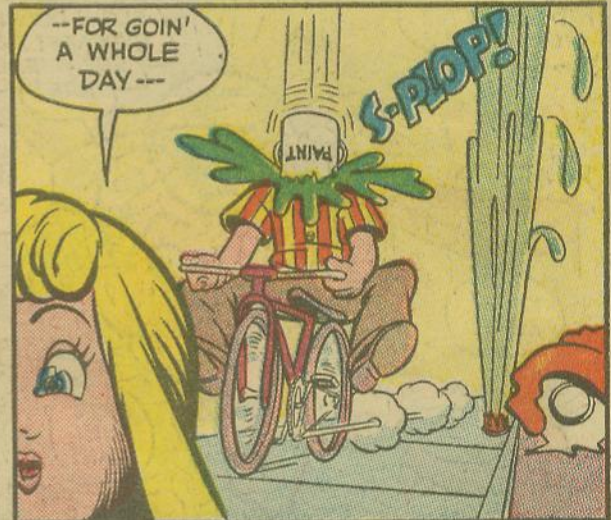
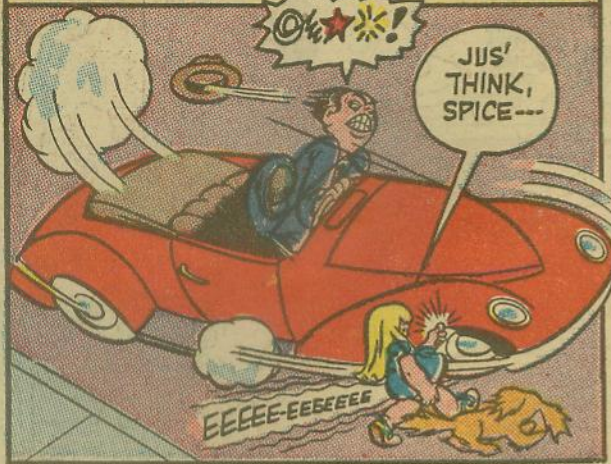








# SUGAR and SPICE





# Candy



**T**his is the way CANDY dreamed it would happen, BUT... here's the real story...

MORNING, MOTHER AND DAD? JEEPERS, I'LL HAVE TO HURRY! IT'S LATE!

MORNING, CANDY! I SEE EEKINS' DEPARTMENT STORE IS HAVING A CONTEST TO PICK MISS TEEN-AGER OF 1948!

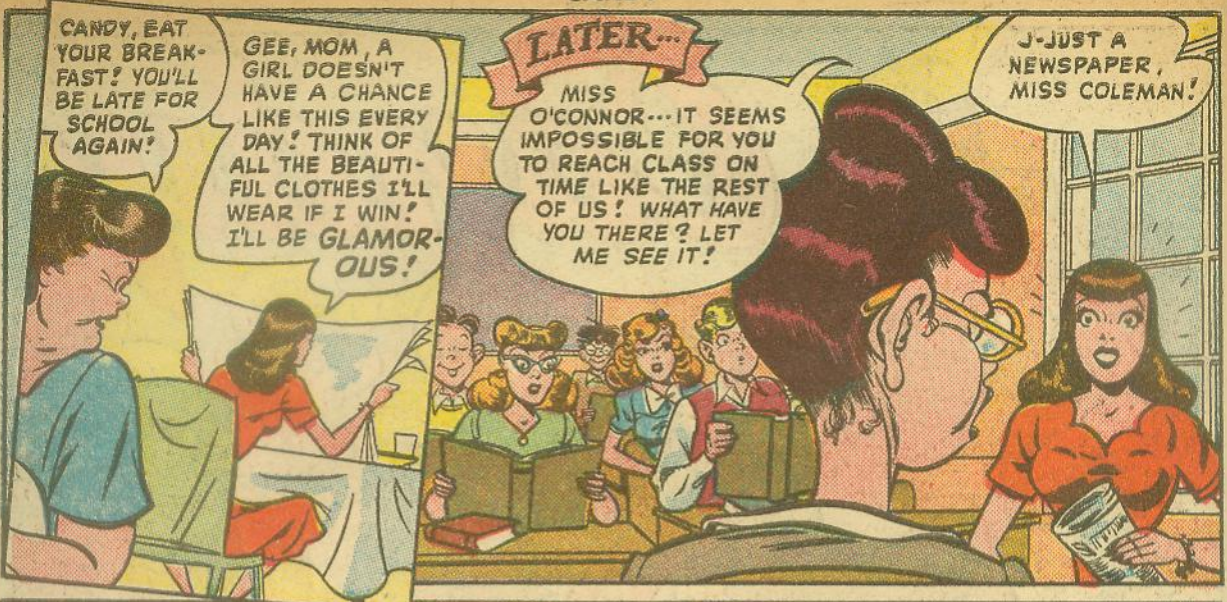
CONTEST? WHERE IS IT? LET ME SEE!

I WAS JUST GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT! THE WINNER WILL BE A MODEL IN A GIGANTIC ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN FOR THE STORE!





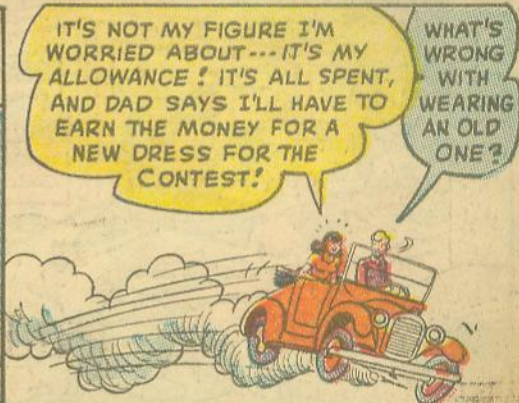
LATER...



## After school, at the Sweet Shoppe...









Later...

I'M SORRY, TED!  
CAN'T GO TO THE  
MOVIES TONIGHT!  
I'M GOING TO SIT  
WITH MRS. RYAN'S  
BABY!



Next  
day...

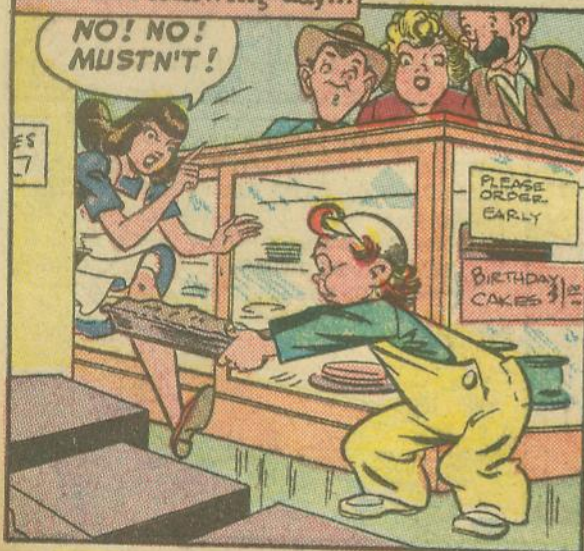
CANDY, WHERE HAVE  
YOU BEEN? DON'T  
YOU KNOW IT'S WAY  
PAST DINNER  
TIME?

I'VE BEEN RUNNING ERRANDS  
FOR THE NEIGHBORS, DAD! I  
MADE \$2.00! AND  
TOMORROW I'VE GOT  
A JOB IN SCHMIDT'S  
BAKERY!



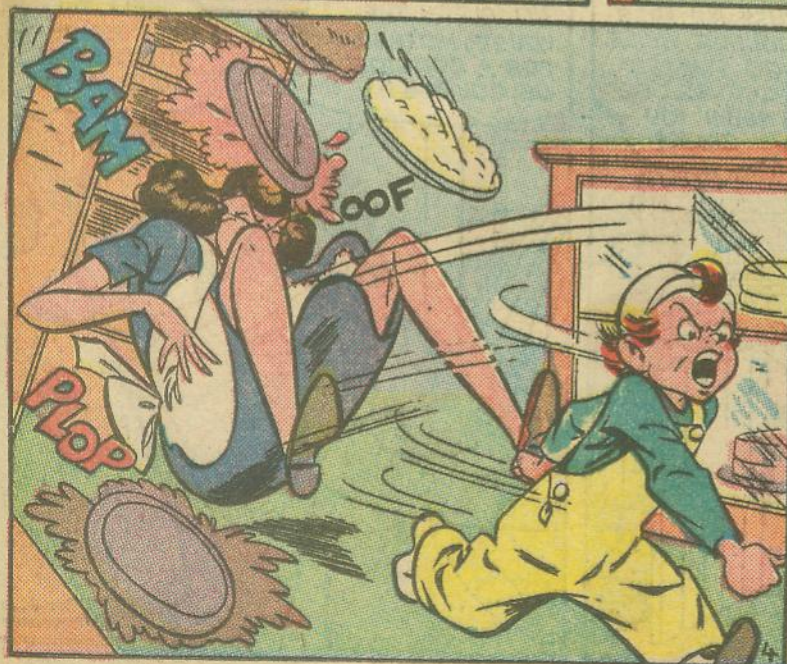
And the following day...

NO! NO!  
MUSTN'T!



GIVE CANDY  
THE PIE!

WAH!  
I WON'T!



WHERE IS THAT  
CHILD? YOU NEVER  
SEE HER FROM  
MORNING TILL  
NIGHT!

WHAT CAN  
YOU EXPECT?  
YOU REFUSE  
TO ADVANCE  
HER ALLOWANCE  
AND SHE HAS TO  
MAKE MONEY  
SOMEHOW!







Meanwhile...





IT'S SURE ON THE BEAM, TED! DO YOU SUPPOSE I HAVE A CHANCE?

WHY, OF COURSE, HONEY! WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL NEW DRAPE JOB, YOU CAN'T LOSE! I'LL LEAVE THE JALOP HERE TONIGHT! SEE YOU BRIGHT AND EARLY TOMORROW MORNING!

DEWEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHAT'S THE RUSH?

OH--TED! SORRY I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU! UH... I GOTTA GO NOW!

WONDER WHAT'S EATING DEWEY? HE SURE ACTED QUEER!

SIGH

AH, WHAT A MAN WILL STOOP TO, TO WIN A FAIR WOMAN'S FAVOR!

Next morning...

I'LL HAVE TO MAKE WITH THE LIGHTNING! TED'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR AND TODAY'S THE BIG DAY!

BRRRRRRR

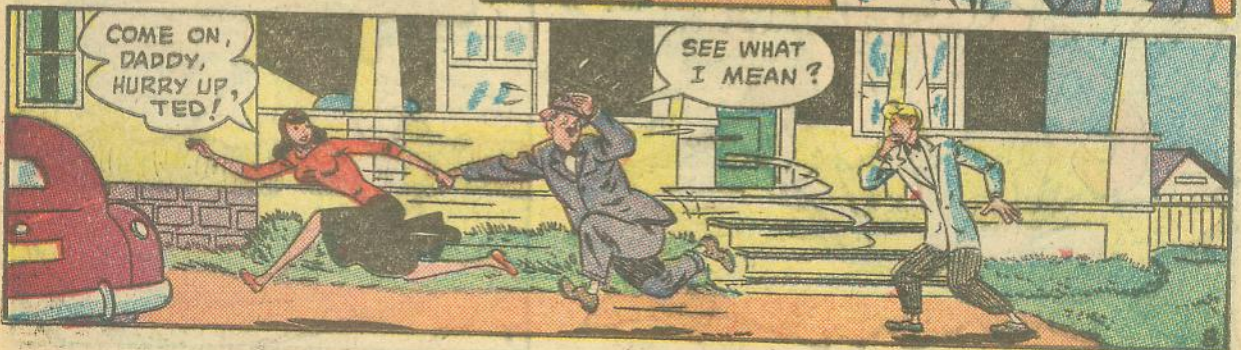
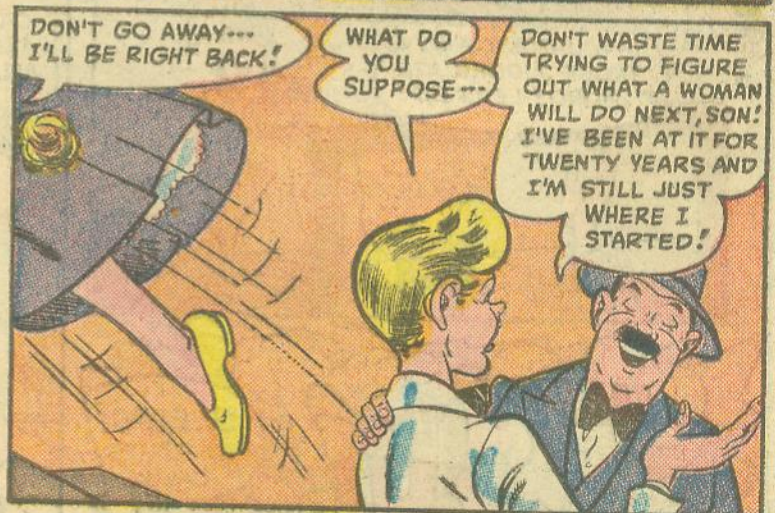
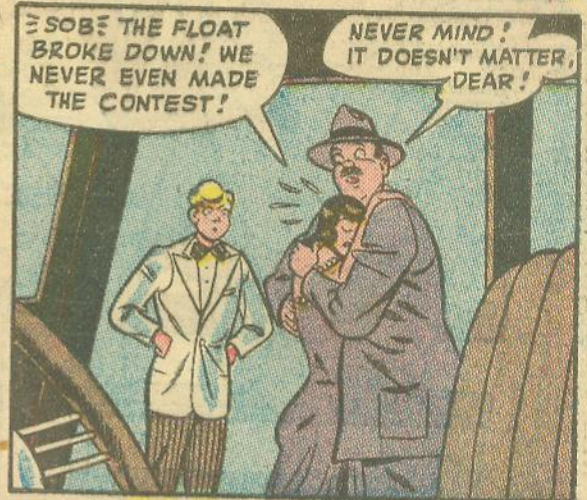
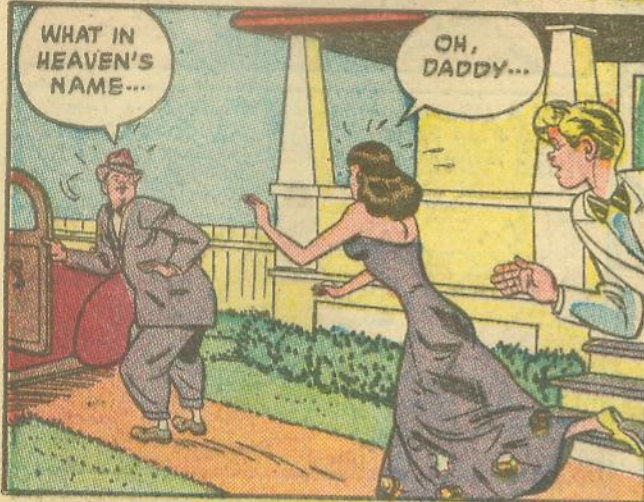
CANDY... TED'S HERE!

I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

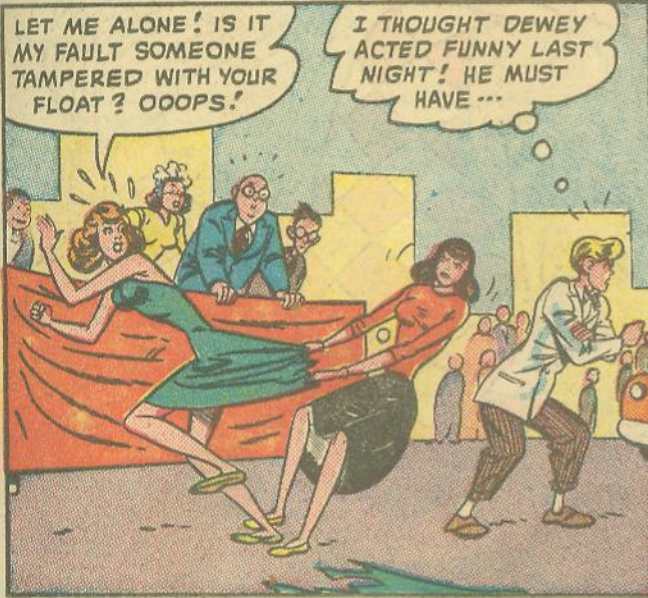
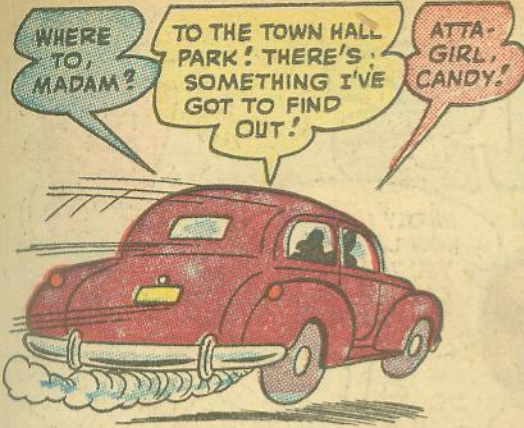




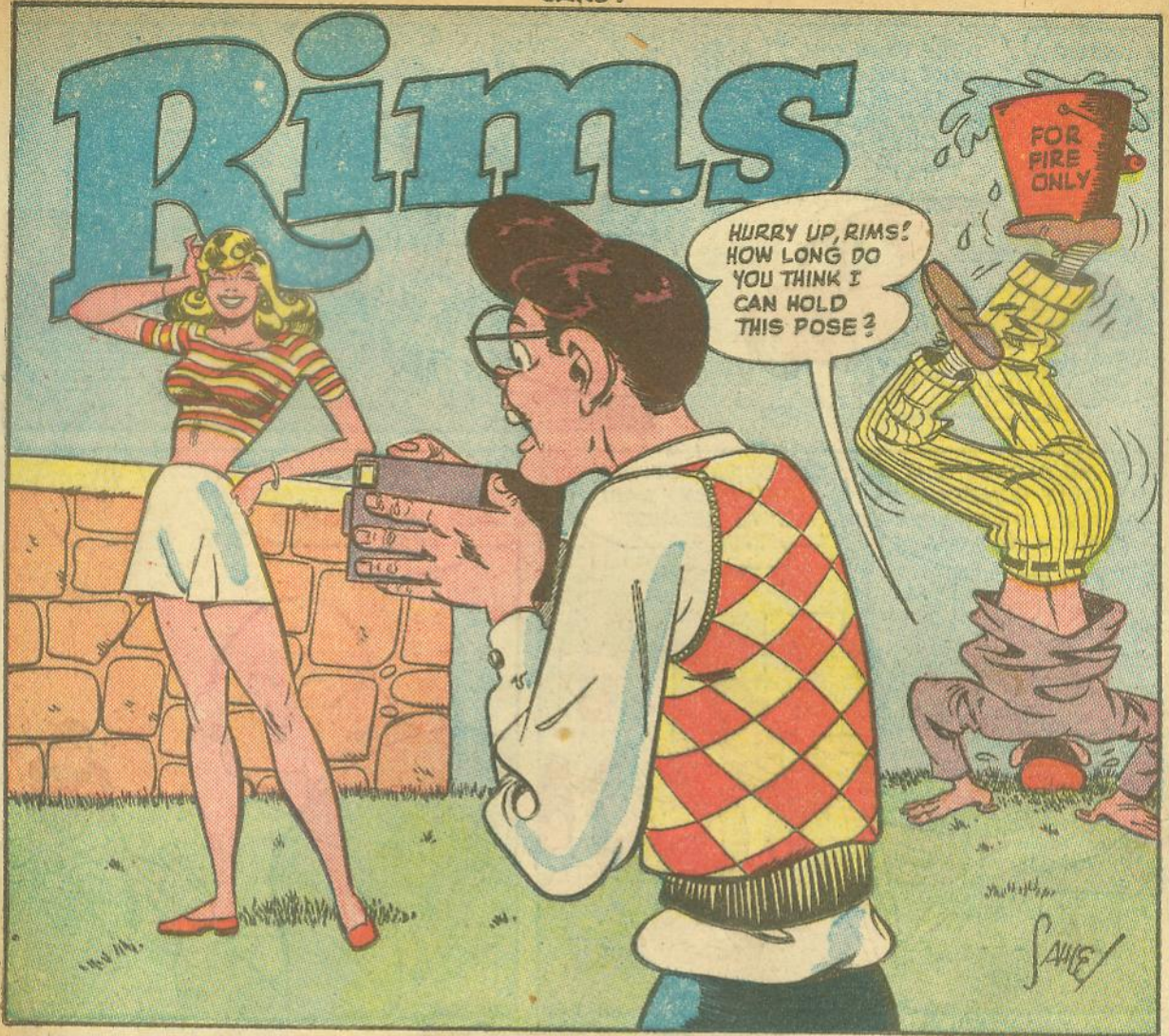








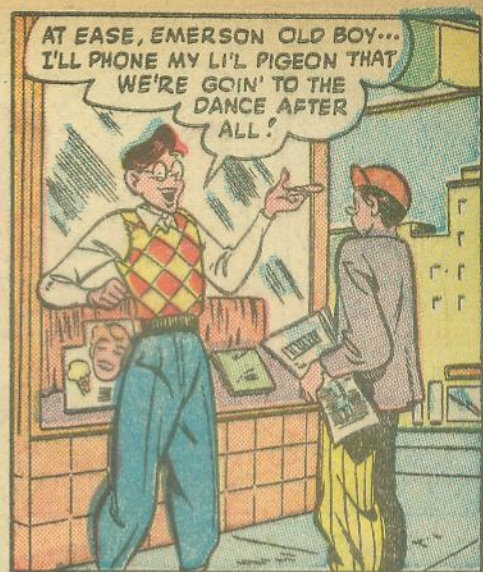
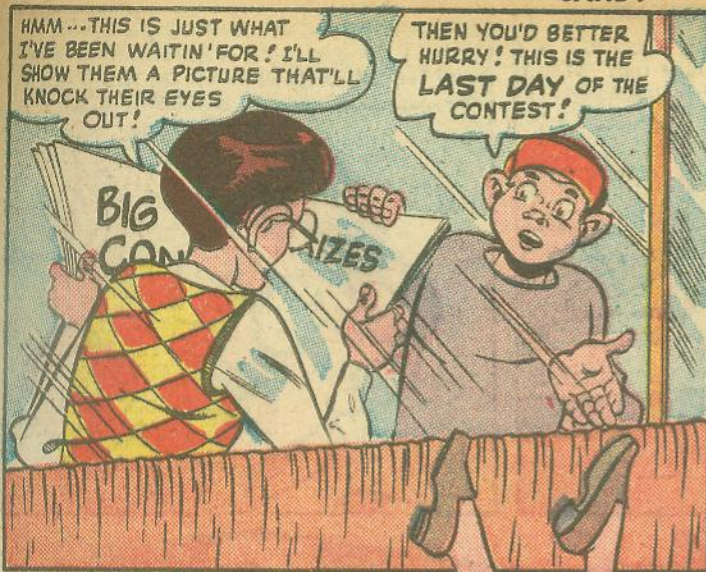




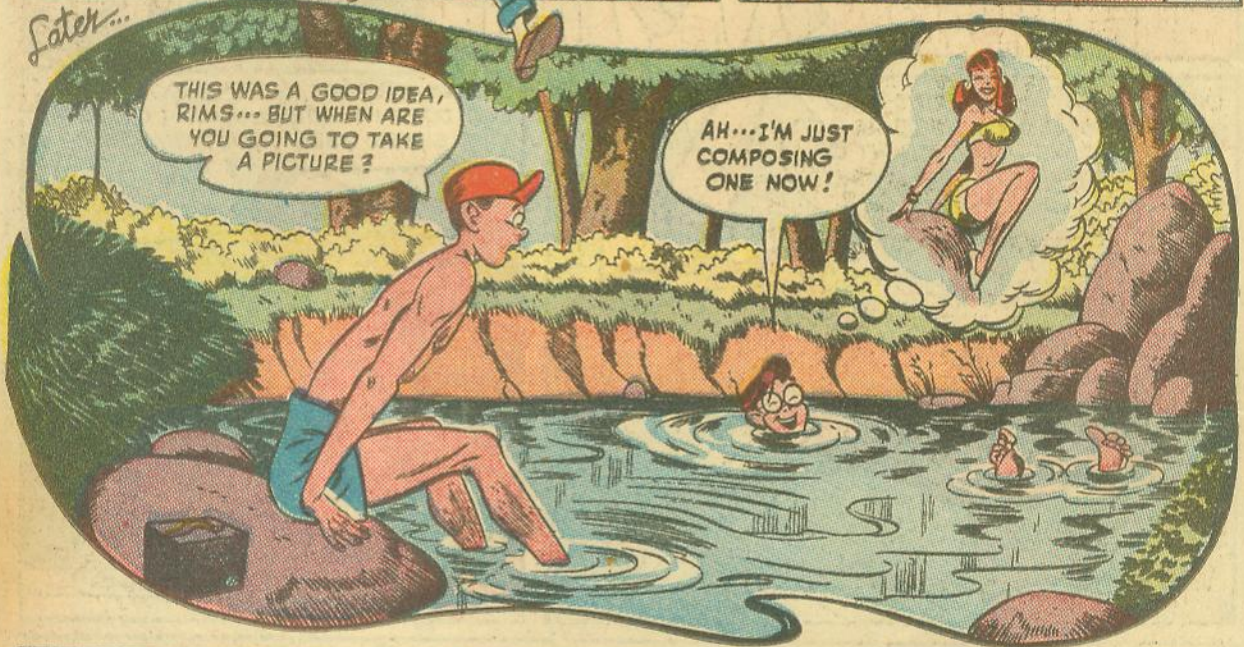
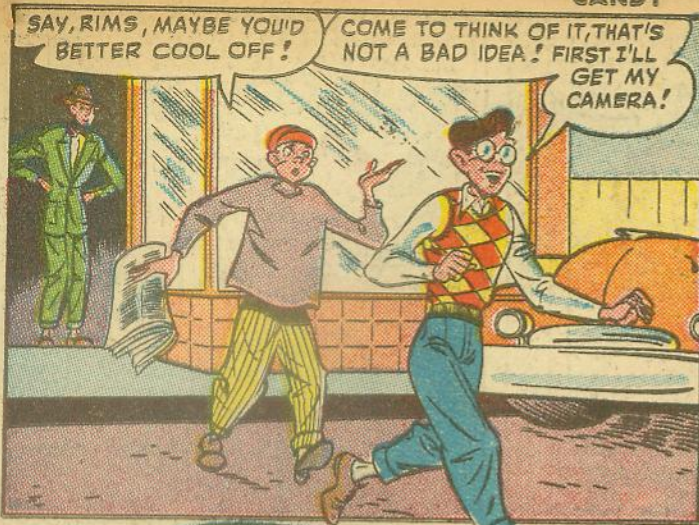
WOT AM I GONNA DO?  
I CAN'T ASK POP FOR  
ANOTHER ADVANCE...  
AND THERE'S NOT A  
JOB AROUND THAT  
SUITS MY  
TALENTS!



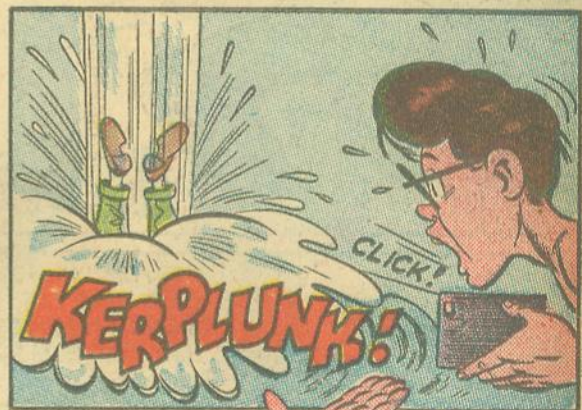
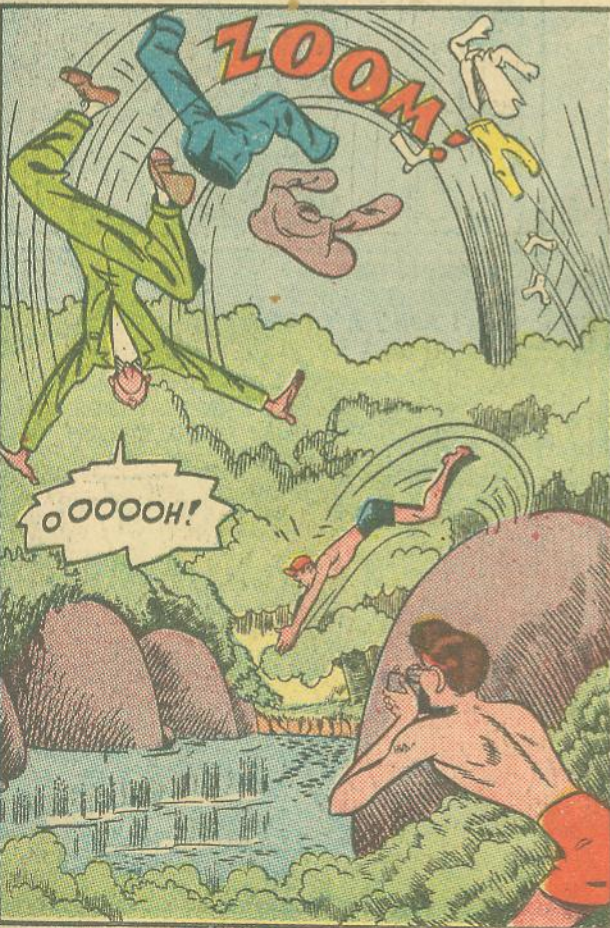
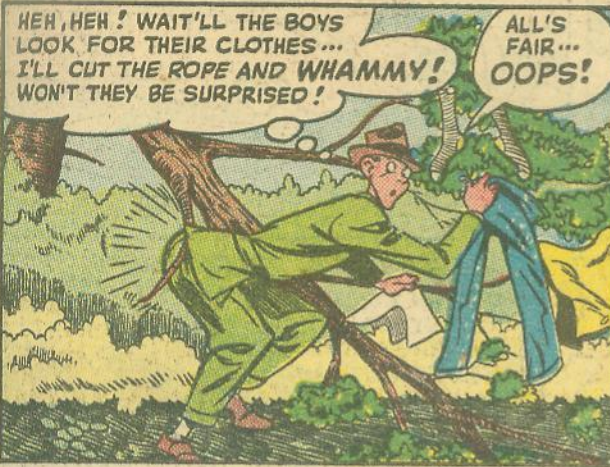




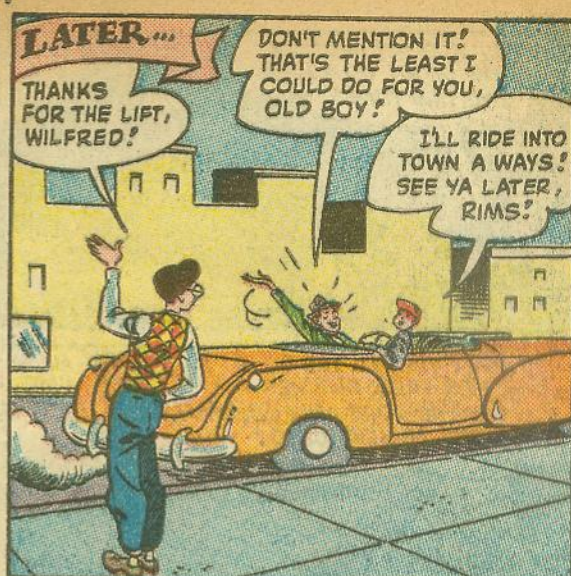
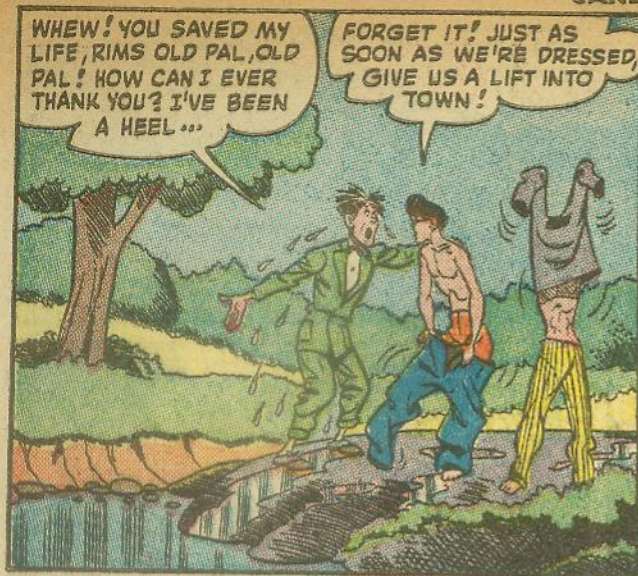




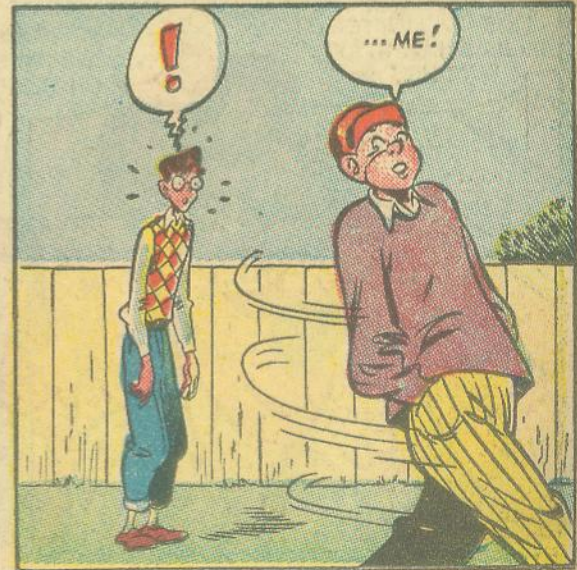
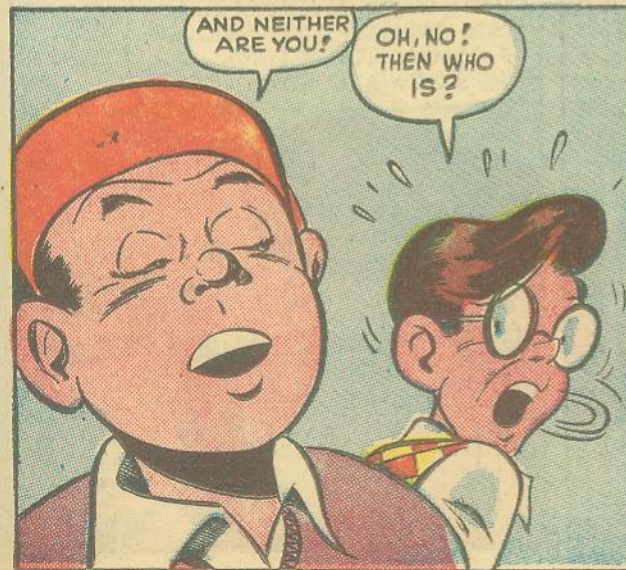












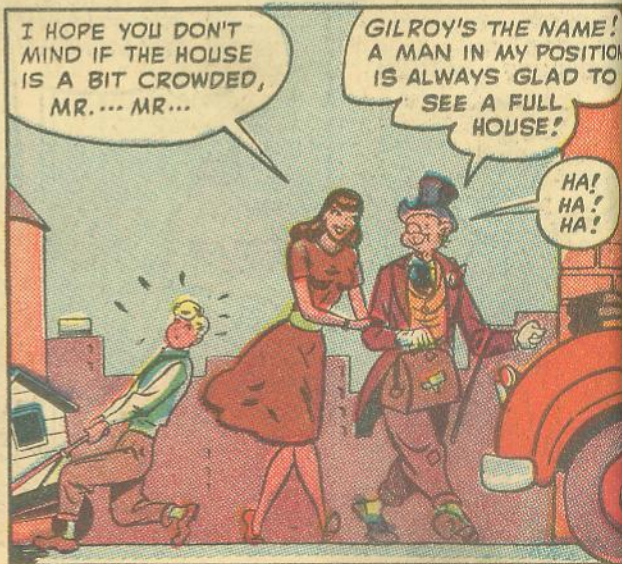
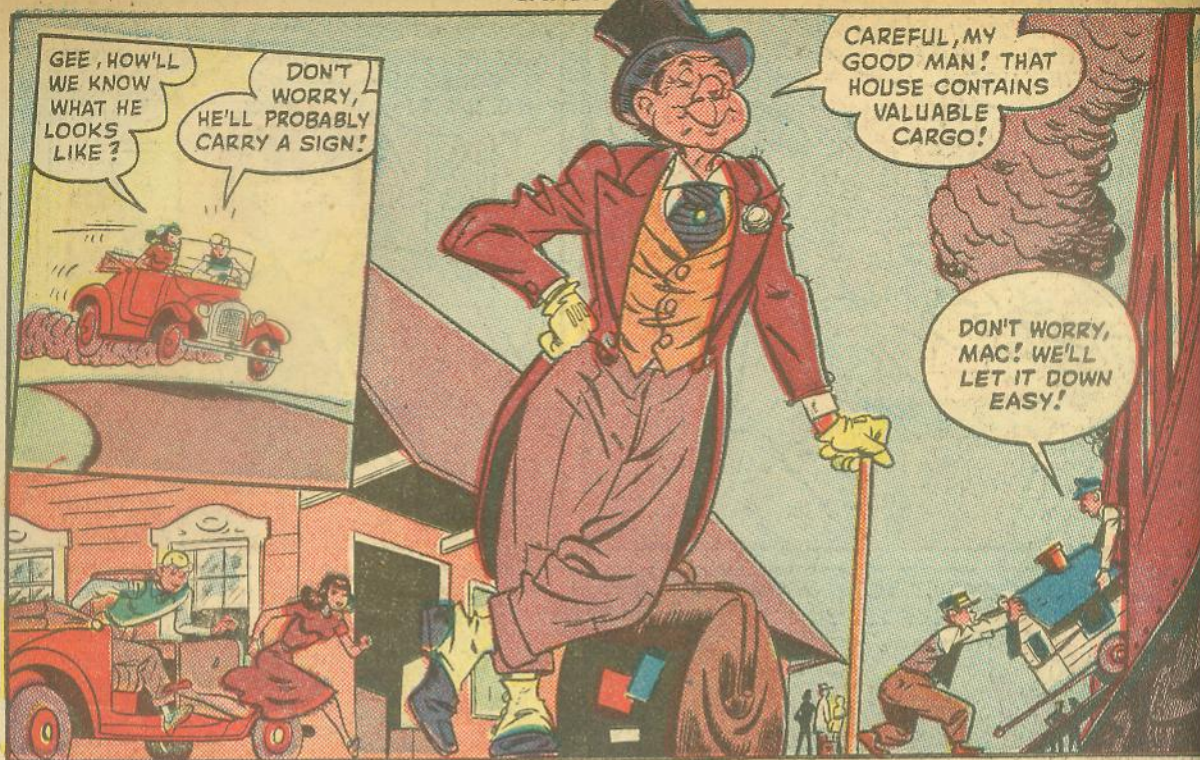














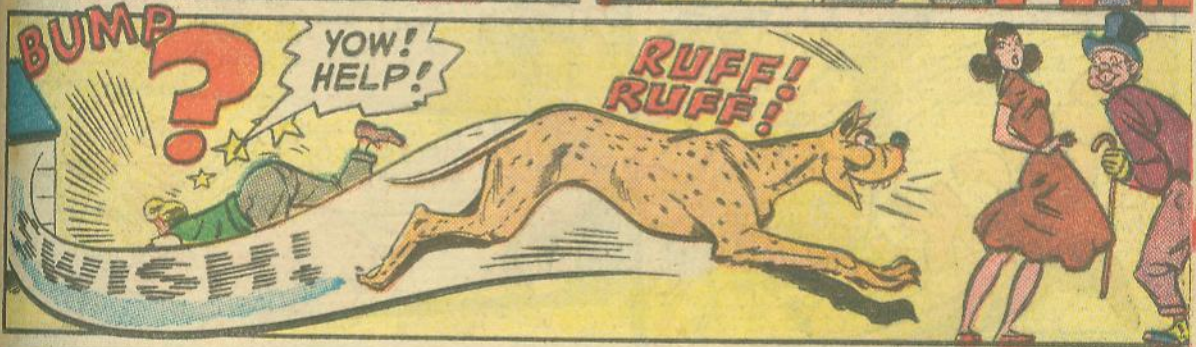
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT  
IN THAT MODEL HOUSE,  
MR. GILROY... A POOCH  
OR SOMETHING?

DON'T MIND TED,  
MR. GILROY... HE'S  
JUST AN **INFANT**..  
DOESN'T KNOW  
ANY BETTER!



Later...

I GOTTA SEE  
WHAT'S IN THIS  
MODEL  
MANSION!



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!  
HAMLET ALWAYS MAKES A  
GRAND ENTRANCE! IT'S THE "HAM"  
IN HIM! COME,  
HAMLET, SHAKE  
HANDS WITH  
CANDY!

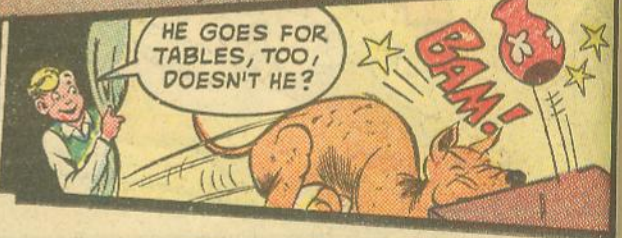
?

H-H-HELLO,  
H-H-HAMLET!

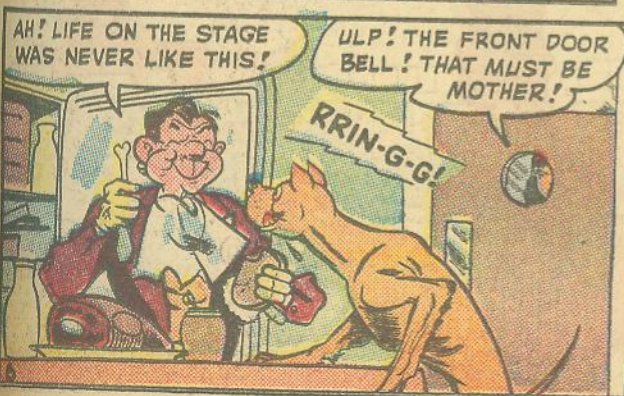
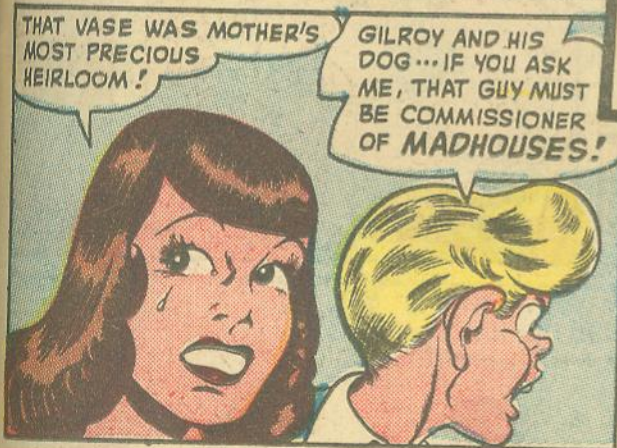
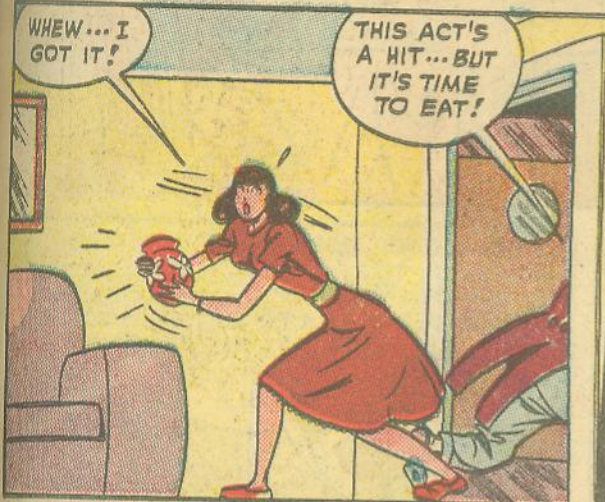
MAYBE HE'D BETTER  
STAY OUT IN THE  
YARD!



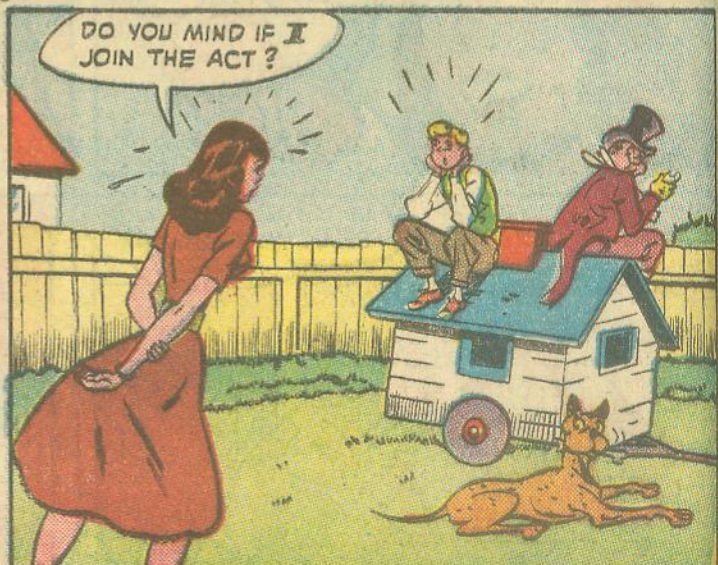
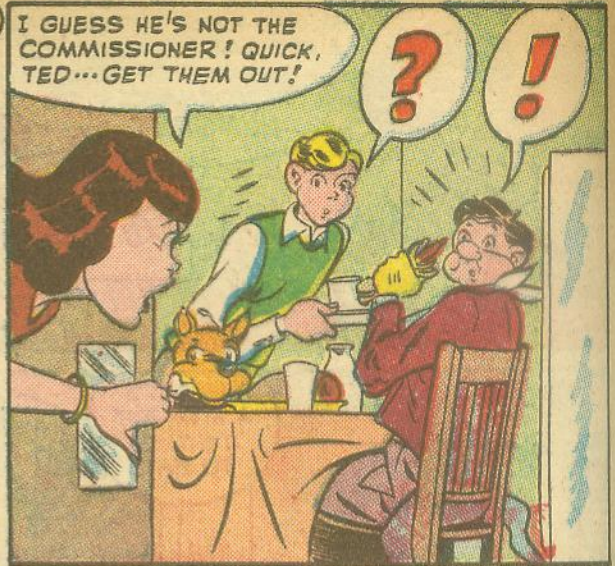














CANDY

WHY?

BUT  
POP, A  
GUY'S  
GOTTA  
LIVE!

# JITTERS

NOTHIN' DOIN', POP!  
I WON'T MAKE A  
FOOL OF  
MYSELF!

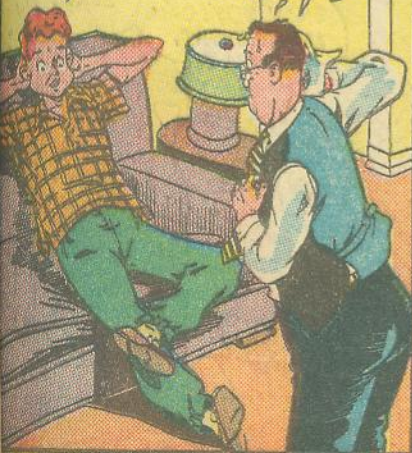
BUT JITTERS,  
THIS IS IMPOR-  
TANT TO ME,  
YOUR FATHER!

JUST TAKE THE  
BOSS'S DAUGHTER  
TO THE TEEN CLUB  
PARTY AND  
I'LL--I'LL--

GET  
STUCK  
WITH A  
CREEP  
FOR A FULL  
EVENING?  
NOT A CHANCE!

...I'LL GIVE YOU  
FIVE DOLLARS!  
ANYWAY, FROM HER  
PICTURES, SHE'S  
ANYTHING BUT  
A---A CREEP!

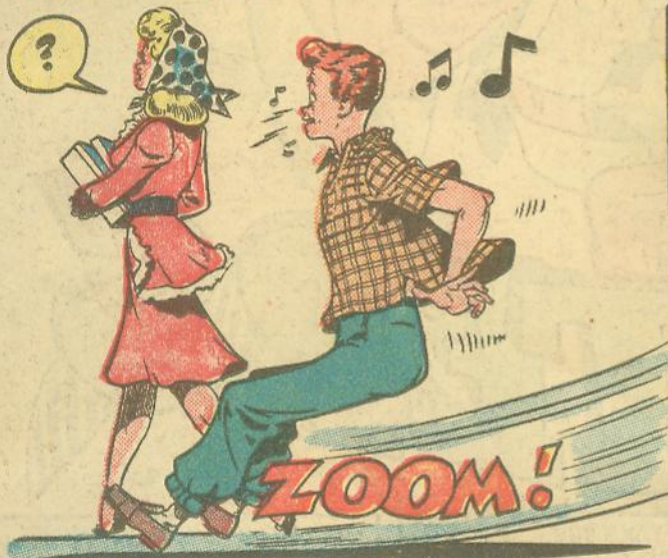
FIVE  
BUCKS!  
IT'S A DEAL,  
POP! ANY-  
THING FOR  
FATHER,  
I ALWAYS  
SAY!







CANDY





ZOWIE... SHE ASKED ME!  
BUT, WHOA... I JUST  
REMEMBERED... YIPES!  
POP! THE BOSS'S  
DAUGHTER!



BUGS IS MY PAL!  
HE'LL STICK WITH  
ME! YESSIR!  
GOOD OL'  
BUGS!



HEY, BUGS!  
WHERE ARE  
YA, BUGS?



YOU'RE  
CALLING  
ME?

NO! I'M JUST AN EXTERMINATOR,  
TRYING TO MAKE AN  
HONEST BUCK!



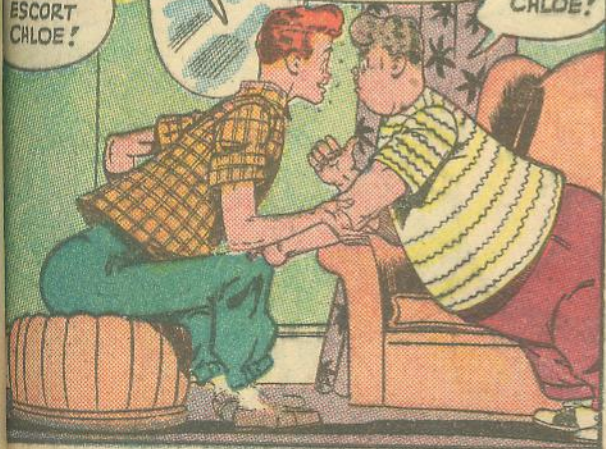
ANYWAY...  
BUGS OL' PAL!  
AM I GLAD  
TO SEE YOU!

OH-OH! WHAT IS  
IT YOU WANT,  
JITTERS OL'  
PAL, OL'  
PAL?



...SO YOU CAN TAKE  
CARE OF THE BOSS'S  
DAUGHTER FOR ME  
WHILE I  
ESCORT  
CHLOE!

OH, FINE! I GET STUCK  
WITH A GOON-GIRL WHILE  
YOU ROMANCE THAT PHONY  
CHLOE!



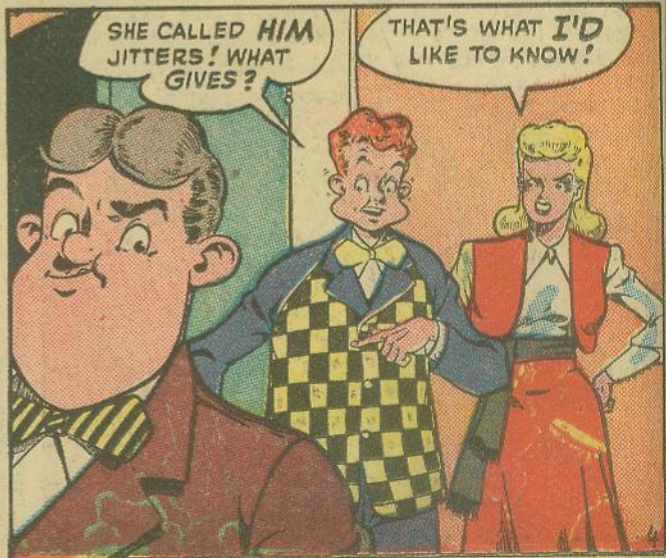
I'M NOT EXACTLY  
MOVIE MATERIAL,  
CHUM, BUT I AM  
MIGHTY CHOOSY  
ABOUT MY CHICKS!

THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER  
MAY EVEN BE BEAUTIF...  
ER.. SORT OF NICE-  
LOOKING, OR SOME-  
THING!





CANDY





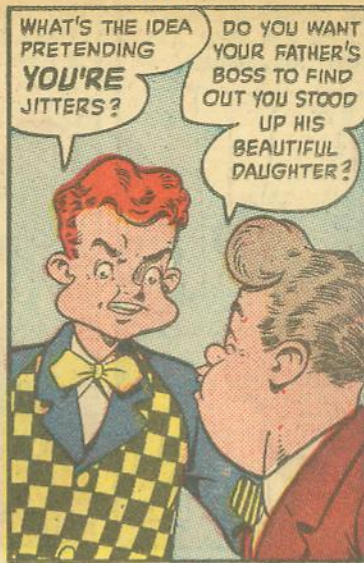
CANDY



HIYA, FRIEND! REMEMBER ME?

MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

OH HELLO, JIT...ER, JONESY!



WHAT'S THE IDEA PRETENDING YOU'RE JITTERS?

DO YOU WANT YOUR FATHER'S BOSS TO FIND OUT YOU STOOD UP HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER?



JUST THE SAME, WE HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER! MY POP'S ON THE DANCE COMMITTEE AND WE GOTTA PLAY IT SAFE! WOW! THAT LINDA IS A DISH!

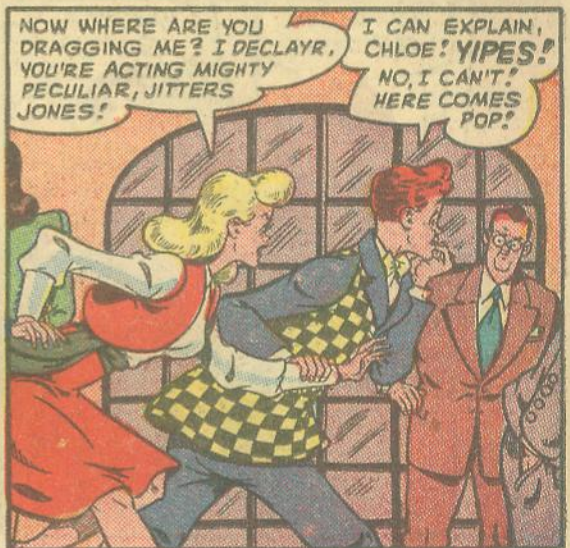
YEAH! NOW AIN'T YOU SORRY?



YOUR FRIEND NEVER LET'S YOU OUT OF HIS SIGHT, DOES HE?

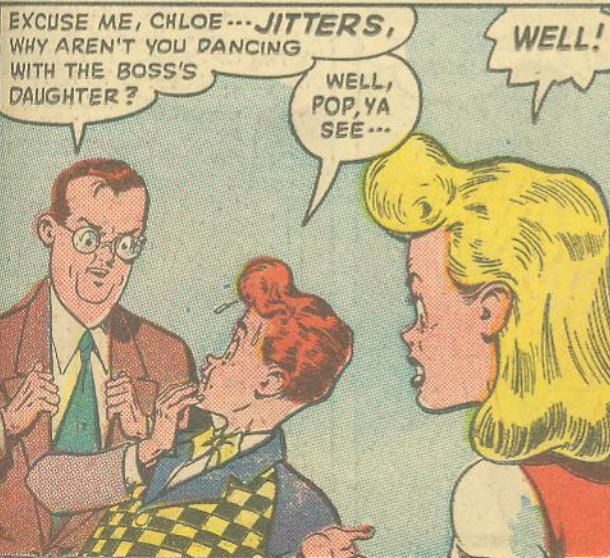
OH, IS HE STILL AROUND?

LET'S MOVE!



NOW WHERE ARE YOU DRAGGING ME? I DECLAYR, YOU'RE ACTING MIGHTY PECULIAR, JITTERS JONES!

I CAN EXPLAIN, CHLOE! YIPES! NO, I CAN'T. HERE COMES POP!



EXCUSE ME, CHLOE...JITTERS, WHY AREN'T YOU DANCING WITH THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER?

WELL, POP, YA SEE...

WELL!

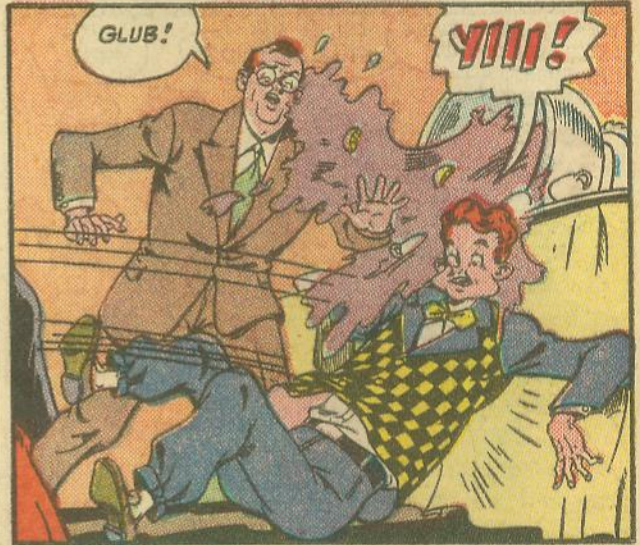
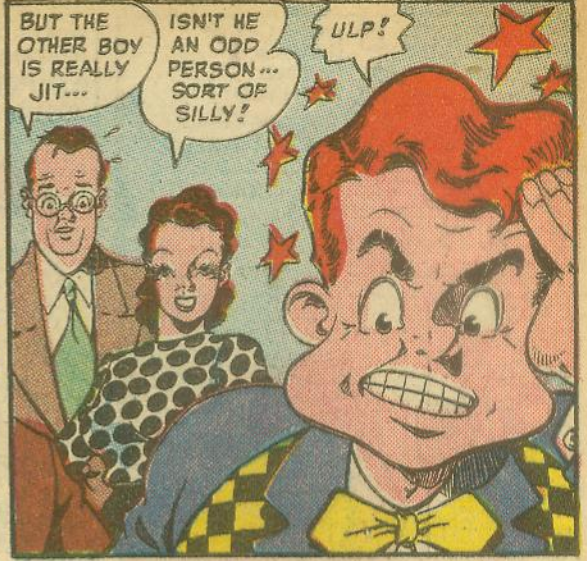
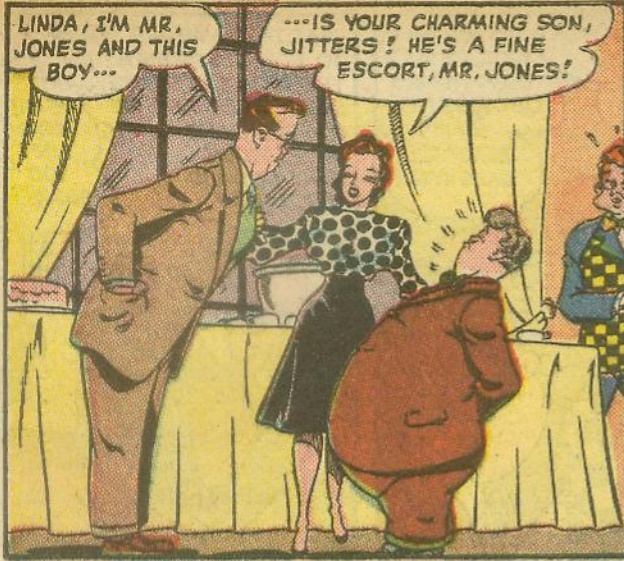


I'LL SPEAK TO BUGS ABOUT THIS, TOO!

WHY, JACK VAN, YOU DAHLIN' BOY!

HOW ABOUT A DANCE, CHLOE?







# VACATION INTO *The Past*

THE trailer had been a beauty—shiny and sleek. But now, as it jounced down the rutted trail, it resembled an enormous dusty bug, covered with a layer of white alkali powder.

## Death Valley!

Candy O'Connor clung to the wheel of her small coupe, trying to keep it in the twin ruts that formed the trail. Behind her the trailer hitch squeaked and clanked.

"Oh, it's beautiful even if it is a desert!" cried Candy, as she gazed rapturously around the sere landscape. Trish, her rather bookish girlfriend, sat on the seat beside her, oblivious of her surroundings, not even hearing Candy speak. She was deep in a book.

"Trish!" cried Candy. "How can you, with all this beauty everywhere?" She gave Trish a poke in the ribs.

"Huh?" said Trish blankly, peering through her glasses. "What?"

"What!" squealed Candy. "Look! You haven't seen any of it. It's Death Valley!"

Trish nodded unconcernedly as she gave a hasty glance at the burned-out hills and the long stretch of white desert floor toward which they were going. "Ugly, isn't it?" was her comment.

Candy made a face in the rear-view mirror. She had hoped this would be the vacation to end all vacations. The West—the great wide-open spaces. Death Valley!

And there sat Trish, with her nose buried in a dull old book! Oh, well. . . .

That evening the two girls backed their trailer into a space between dusty ocotillo bushes, got out the gear and began preparing dinner. They had just begun making flapjacks when a tinkling bell caused both of them to look up. An old man was coming down an arroyo, leading a wizened burro which was loaded with the implements of a prospector.

"Oh, look, Trish," whispered Candy, "an old desert rat! He's coming toward us."

The old man came up and halted his burro. "Howdy, gals," he said. "Just in time fer chow, I see."

"W-why, yes," said Candy a little timidly. She knew nothing about these old desert char-

acters, only what little she had read. "Come and join us."

The old man pulled some pans off the burro.

"Ever eat any sour-dough biscuits?" he asked.

Candy said no.

"Then I'll stir up some ef ye don't mind."

The old prospector went about preparing his biscuits, and in a moment they were baking on a piece of tin the oldster supplied from his pack.

Candy finished the bacon and began pouring coffee into tin cups. The biscuits were finished. The old man took them off the piece of tin and laid two on each girl's plate.

"Sink your fangs into 'em," he said with a grin. "Ain't nothin' ever beat 'em."

He was right, the girls soon found. They thoroughly enjoyed the biscuits, and the old prospector, too. After dinner, he leaned back, filled and lit his pipe, and began talking.

"Out here on a little pasear?" he asked.

"We're on our vacation," Trish told him.

The old man puffed hard on his pipe. "Ye picked a mighty dry place, gals. An' spooky."

"Spooky?" said Candy. "You mean—"

"Spooks," said the old man casually. "This place is full of 'em—spooks of dead Injuns and trappers and prospectors. They all gather around campfires at night and hold meetings. Chances is some of 'em'll be here tonight."

The girls gave a quick glance around. It was growing dark rapidly. The soft mauve shades of evening were growing into a deep purple. Far down to the west a red-gold flame seared the horizon, but it, too, quickly faded out.

Spooks!

The old man at last rolled himself in his blankets and closed his eyes. "Might just as well git some shut-eye," he said drowsily. "Good night, gals."

"G-g-good night," replied Candy. She gave another glance around, imagined she saw a moving shadow, and gave a little gasp. The old man chuckled to himself.

"Don't worry none, miss. I don't think any



spooks is gonna visit us in partic'lar tonight. Better sleep."

The girls did get to sleep after a long time. While they slept, the old man got up and silently went down the valley with his burro, whose bell he had removed. It was the dark hour before dawn.

Candy opened her eyes first. It was cold, as it always gets in the desert at dawn. She sat up and yawned. The valley a few miles away was already alight. Candy rubbed her eyes and looked again. Then, with a strangled yelp, she began shaking Trish.

"Trish, Trish! Wake up!"

Trish came to her senses muttering sleepily.

"What's going on?" she asked a bit testily. "I'm sleepy."

"Look down in the valley!" cried Candy, pointing.

Trish looked. What she saw brought a gasp from her.

"My gosh," said Candy, "a wagon train being attacked by Indians! They're circling the wagons and the white men are firing! What is this? I thought wagon trains were a thing of the past. And the Indians—where did they come from?"

Candy couldn't speak for a moment. "D-do you suppose, Trish," she quavered, "that we're just seeing things—that they're spooks, like the old prospector said?"

Trish shook her head vigorously. "Bunk. I can hear the shooting. Ghosts don't make noises. That's the real thing. But I can't figure it out."

The wagon train was now formed in a tight circle, from which flashes of fire and black smoke issued at quick intervals—rifle fire.

The Indians rode fast, shooting arrows at the white canvas tops. Occasionally the girls could see an Indian topple from his horse and roll over the ground, victim of a bullet.

"Yes," said Candy, "it's the real thing, all right. Look at the dead Indians!"

Suddenly one of the wagon tops burst into flame. They heard the wild yells of the Indians and a vicious burst of rifle fire.

"The Indians have fired a blazing arrow into a wagon," said Trish, "just like they used to do in the old days. If the whole train catches fire, it'll be bad for those poor folks."

"There come more Indians!" exclaimed Candy, pointing to a large group of fast-moving horsemen approaching over a low hill.

A great yell broke from the Indians at the sight of their reinforcements. And now the two parties joined forces against the wagon train.

"They'll be wiped out," said Trish. "They haven't a chance against so many Indians."

Candy suddenly yelled again. "Look, Trish! Soldiers!"

It was true. A company of blue-clad cavalry came galloping over the hill behind the second party of Indians. Their bugles sounded the charge. They stormed down upon the Indians, their pistols squirting smoke. The Indians pulled up, made a half hearted charge, then scattered in every direction. But not before several more had fallen from their horses. Two cavalrymen also lay on the ground.

"Well," breathed Trish, "I do believe the cavalry chased them off. But look, Candy—those soldiers are dressed in the style of the early eighties! What is this? Did we get into some fourth dimension, where time is turned backward?"

"Howdy, gals!"

Candy and Trish whirled around. The old prospector stood near by, holding the rein of his sleepy burro. He grinned.

"The spooks waited till daylight to come," he said matter-of-factly. "But the cavalry did fer the Injuns plenty fast, eh?"

The girls couldn't talk for a moment. Then Trish gasped, "But I don't understand. That's like something that happened sixty years ago! Where are we, Mister? Are we crazy?"

"Nope," said the old man. "An' ye ain't seein' things thet ain't there. Know what ye seen just now?"

The girls shook their heads in unison.

"Wal, I'll tell ye," said the prospector. He removed his hat and whiskers with a flourish and bowed. The girls saw with a start that his hair was black, that he was clean-shaven under the false beard.

When he straightened, he was smiling.

"I'm Jack O'Brien, at your service," said the pseudo-pro prospector with a chuckle. "I was the leader of that wagon train from Missouri to Californy. They call the picture 'Wagon Train.'"

"Oh!" cried Candy. "It's a movie!"

"Hmm!" snorted Trish. "A fine trick to pull on a couple of Easterners!"

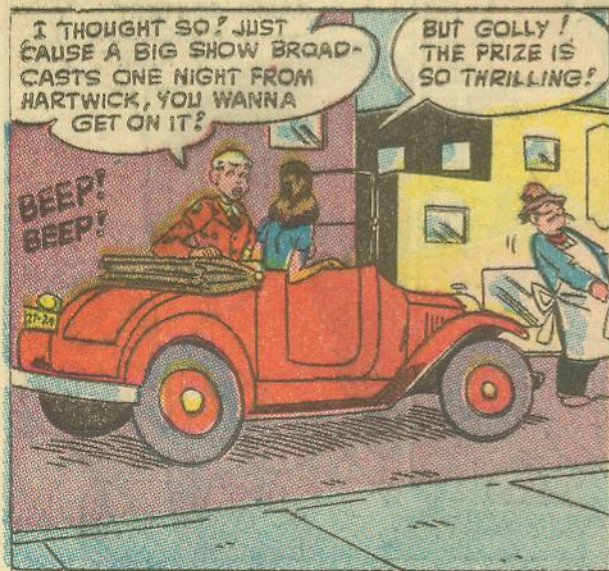
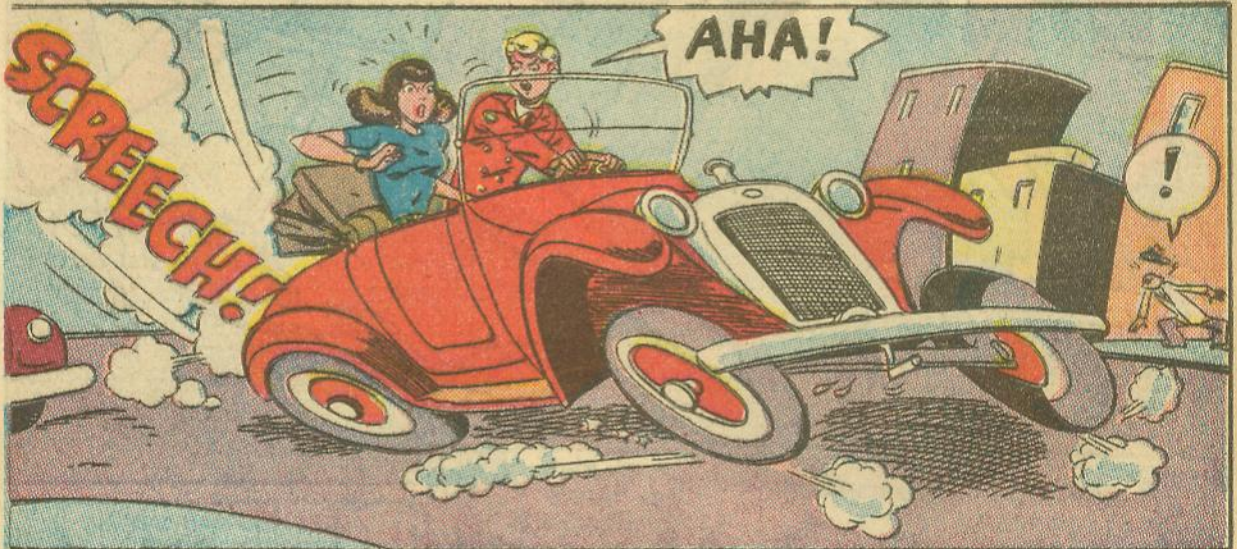
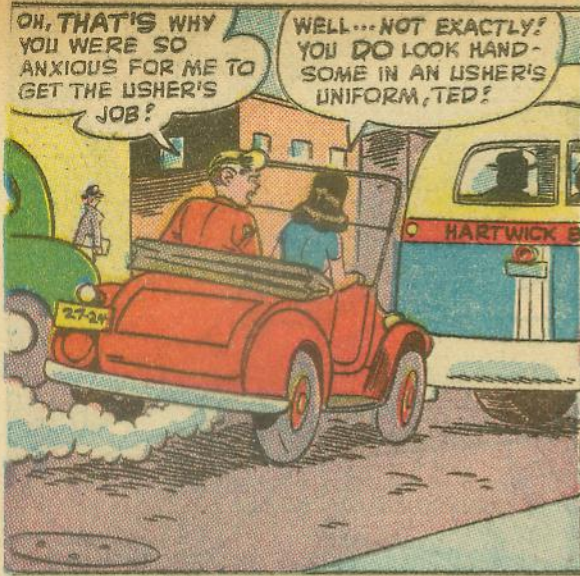
But Candy saw the humor of the joke. She said, sprightly, "It's our breakfast time, Mr. Jack O'Brien. How about some more of those sour-dough biscuits—or can't you make 'em out of character?"

"Can do," said Jack, rolling up his sleeves. "They're still better'n those cookies in Hollywood."

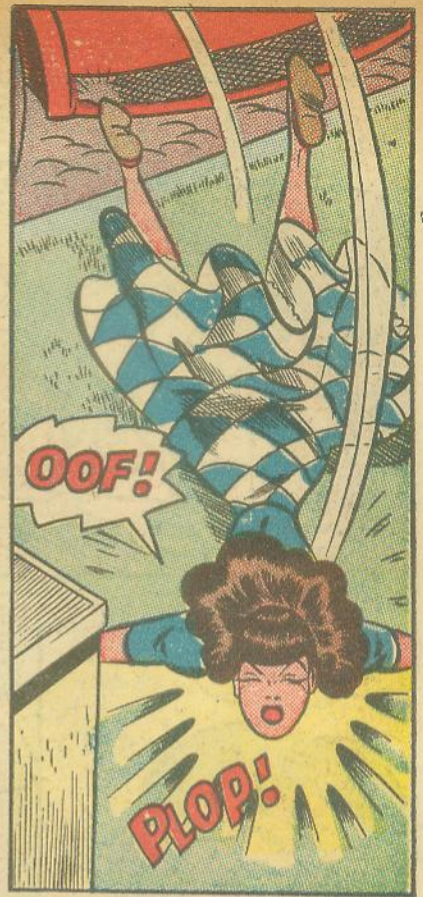




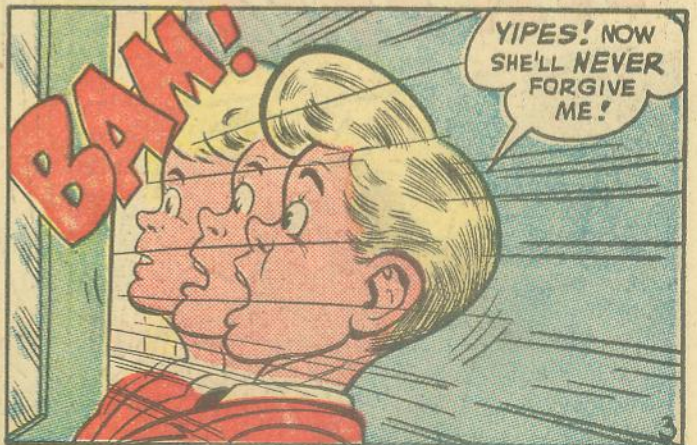








**HMMPH!**



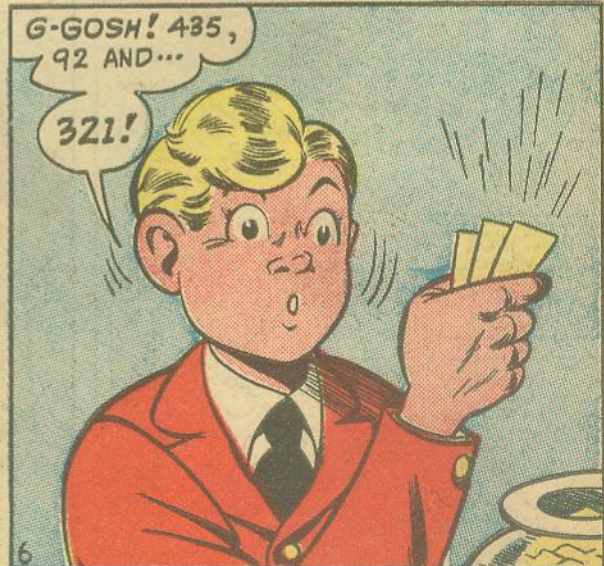
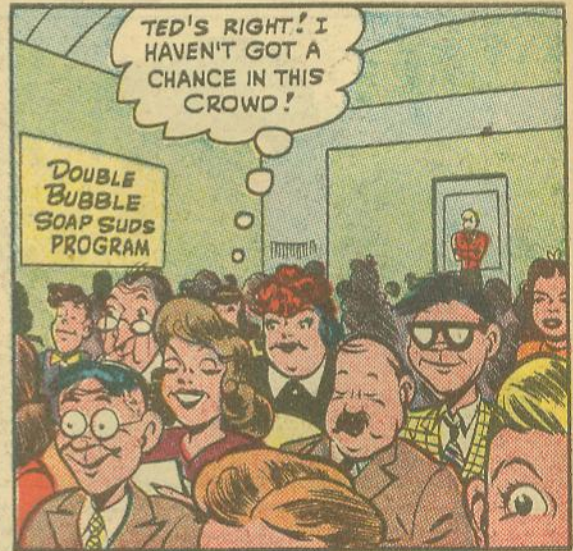
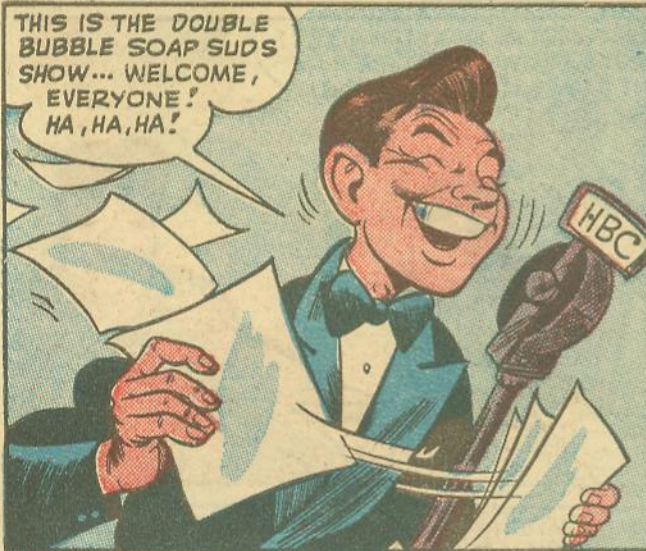




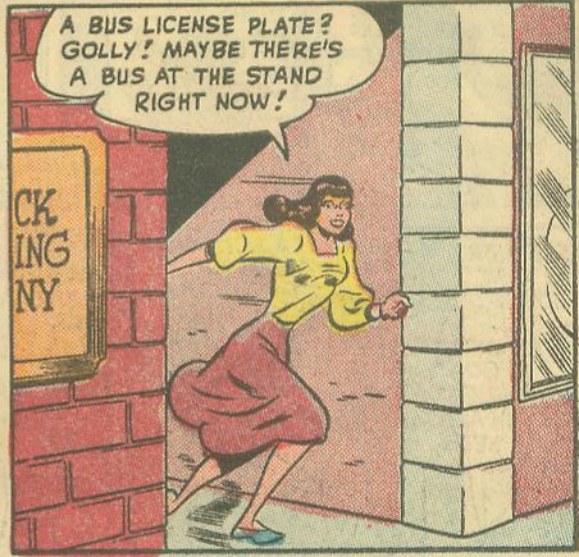
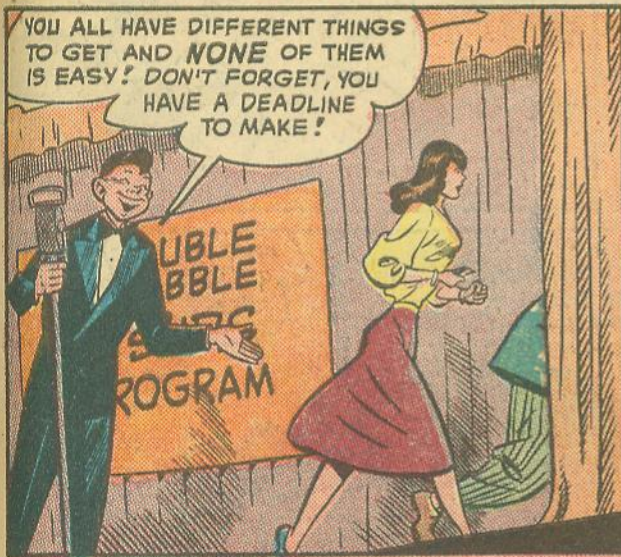




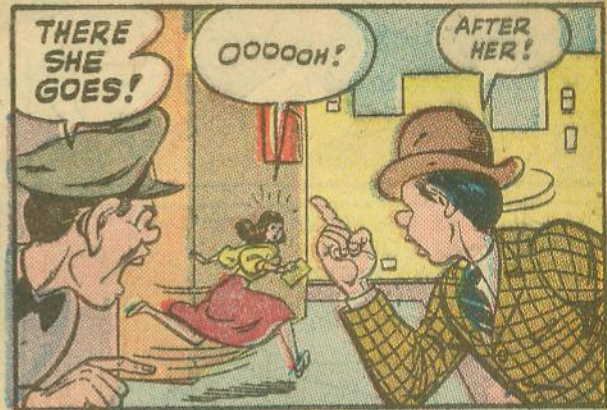




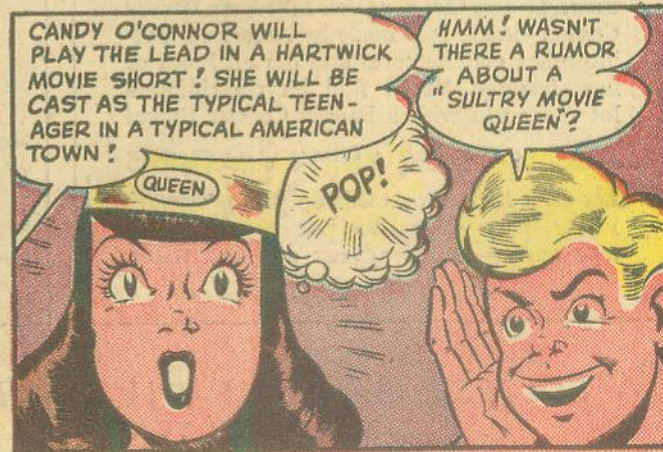
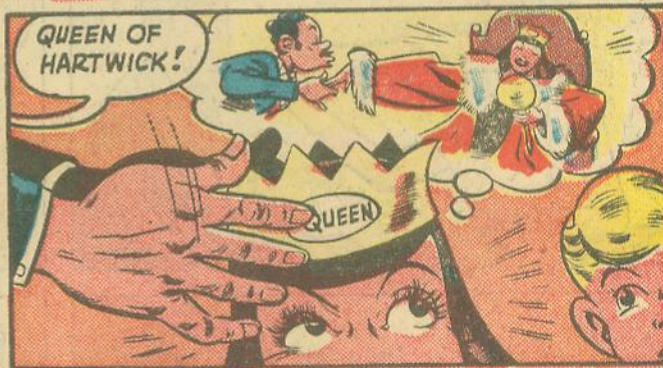
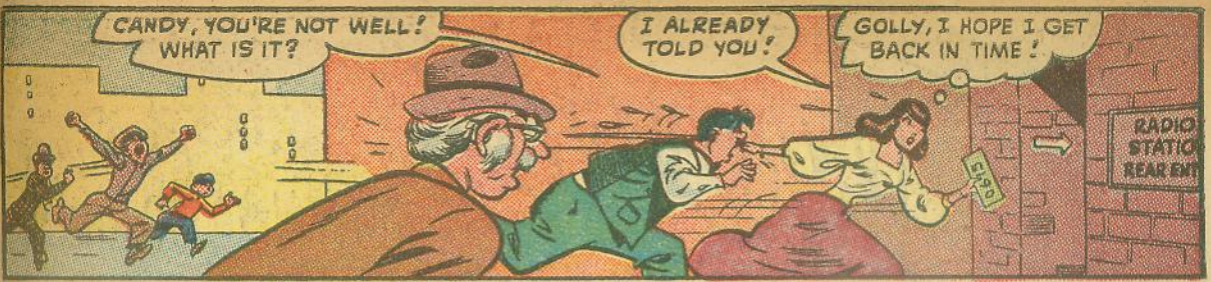














# WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON  
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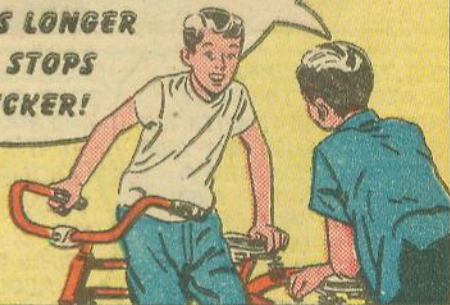


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HOUSE!

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# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"ROUNDING UP  
THE RUSTLERS"



WHILE  
VACATIONING  
OUT WEST,  
DEPUTY U.S.  
ROYAL AND  
THE BOYS OF  
THE ELM CITY  
BIKE CLUB  
ARE ENJOYING  
THE SIGHTS,  
WHEN  
SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL,  
WHO'S KICKING UP  
ALL THAT DUST  
DOWN THERE IN  
THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND  
THE POSSE'S  
NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH  
HIS GLASSES, HE SEES...

GOOD! THE  
POSSE CAN'T  
FIGURE WHICH  
WAY WE WENT!

WELL, KEEP RIDIN'...  
WE AIN'T SAFE TILL  
WE GET THROUGH THE  
GORGE UP AHEAD...



FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND  
TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE  
GORGE...I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE  
THERE WAITING FOR THEM!



NOW IF I CAN JUST  
GET TO THE TOP  
OF THAT GORGE  
BEFORE THOSE  
CATTLE-THIEVES  
GET TO THE  
BOTTOM!



I MADE IT! THESE  
ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM  
TO TURN BACK...RIGHT  
INTO THE HANDS OF  
THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE  
PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN'  
RACKET...THAT WAS MIGHTY  
FAST WORK ON YOUR PART!

YOU MEAN MIGHTY  
FAST BIKING...  
THANKS TO OUR U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, SPEED AND SAFETY ARE REALLY  
"BUILT INTO" U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--  
WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN.



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--  
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN"...SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF FIRM FOOTING...  
SAFE, QUICK STOPS...MAXIMUM MILEAGE...  
PERFECT CONTROL--BE SURE TO GET U.S.  
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IN SKID CHAIN MAKES THEM TOPS IN TIRES.

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